GIBRALTAR;

A

POEM.

Moſt Humbly Inſcrib'd and Addreſs'd

TO

The Right Honourable the Earl of

PORTMORE.

LONDON:

Printed for H. NOORTHOUCK, at *Cicero's Head* in *Taviſtock Street*, near *Covent-Garden*; and Sold by J. ROBERTS, at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, W. MEADOWS, in *Cornhill*, T. WORRAL in *Fleetſtreet*, S. AUSTEN in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, and J. MILLAN at the *Horſe-Guards*. Price 1 *s*.

M.DCC.XXVII.

TO THE

READER.

GIBRALTAR (*the* Calpe *of the* Antients) *is a Rock ſo Famous in Hiſtory, and ſo remarkable for its Height, Figure, and Curioſities of Art and Nature, that an idle Muſe, which formerly has been often on the Spot, cou'd not entertain herſelf better, than by giving the Deſcription of ſuch a wonderful Scene.*

Since it has been a Part of the Britiſh *Dominions, our* Country-men *have had ſo many Calls thither, (more eſpecially ſuch as belong to the Land or Sea-Service) that the Author can never want Vouchers for the Truth*

of

of many ſurprizing Circumſtances, which he cou'd not omit, without doing Injuſtice to his Subject.

However, he thinks it neceſſary, for the better Information of thoſe, who ſhall have Good-nature and Leiſure enough to peruſe the following Poem, *to give ſome previous Account in Proſe of this Rock's Situation, and of the* Fabulous, *as well as* True Hiſtory *of all that celebrated Coaſt; that ſuch of my Readers as know little of either, may not wander in the Dark, nor be loſt in a Maze of ſtrange Places, and Perſons.*

This Hill, *in the Opinion of many, is the* Southermoſt Point *of* Spain; *which yet is a Miſtake in reality, it lying* North *of* Cape Cabrita, *on the other Side of the Bay, tho' but a very ſmall Matter. It is ſituated juſt at the opening of the* Streight's-Mouth *into the* Mediterranean, *directly oppoſite to* Ape's-Hill *in* Barbary *(formerly* Abila.*)*

Theſe two Promontories, which are diſtant from each other about ſeven Leagues, were call'd antiently the Pillars *of that famous* Hercules, *who overthrew* Geryon, *who conquer'd* Spain, *and concerning whom there are ſo many uncertain Traditions.*

I ſhall

To the READER.

I ſhall, to avoid Tautology, refer the Reader to the Poem *for Particulars, and only in few Words aſſure him, that in what relates to the Town, (as it ſtood before the two laſt Sieges) to the old* Mooriſh Caſtle *and* Bathing-Place, *I exceed the Truth not ſo far as Poetical Liberty might allow. And as for the* Cave, *it is ſo romantick a Place, and ſo far exceeding our famous* Darbyſhire-Peak, *that I have rather come ſhort, than been too extravagant in my Account of its natural Wonders.*

The Coaſt oppoſite to Gibraltar, *on the Bay (to which I make an Excurſion, I hope Criticks will pardon) is now only remarkable for the Ruins of two Cities, which made formerly very great Figures.* Carteia, *much the oldeſt, and moſt famous of the two (but of which very little is now viſible, more than ſome Remains of an old* Amphitheater) *ſtood about a League from this Rock; and was built by the* Phœnicians (*as were moſt of the Sea-port Towns hereabouts;*) *and as there is very good Ground to believe, was the ancient* Heraclea, *ſo called from the* Tyrian Hercules, *whom I have already mention'd. It was in after Ages made a* Roman *Colony, by the Name of* Colonia Libertinorum: Vide. Liv.

5th, Dec. Book 3. *And had a large convenient Harbour. The ſame Author mentions, in his* 3d Dec. & 8th Book, *That* Lælius *the* Roman *Admiral ſail'd from thence, and ſurpriz'd* Adherbal's *Fleet in the* Streights, *in their Way from* Cadiz *to* Carthage. *It was hither alſo, that* Sex. Pompeius *fled after the Battle of* Munda. Vid. Cæſar. Com.

This Place, which now only conſiſts of a Watch-Tower, *and three or four Huts (the reſt being all Arable) is call'd* Rocadillo, *but appears by the Paſſages in* Livy, *and the Teſtimonies of* Bochart, Caſaubon, *and other great Antiquaries, to have been undeniably that very* Carteia. *Old Fragments of* Marble *are yet very common in theſe Fields; upon ſome of which, now in the Hands of ſeveral Perſons, I have often ſeen very plain* Roman *Characters; and among innumerable Coins which have been gather'd up here, ſeveral have a* Caput Turritum; *and the Word* Karteia *very legible on one Side, and* A Fiſh, *or* A Neptune *on the Reverſe; alſo ſome others with the* Head *and* Club *of* Hercules, *uncouthly ſtampt upon them, which are doubtleſs of much greater Antiquity, and are not, that ever I could hear, met with any where elſe.*

From

From him were ſaid to be deriv'd all thoſe Monarchs of Spain, *till the* Romans *conquer'd that Nation, whoſe Exiſtence may be as much queſtion'd, as that of the Progeny of* Brutus; *concerning which,* Geoffry *of* Monmouth, *and others, have been ſo particular.*

The other City, on the ſame Side of the Bay, about a League and a half from Carteia, *but of much later Date, was call'd by the* Moors, Algezira; *which, in their Language ſignifies an* Iſland, *there being a ſmall one not a Muſket-ſhot from the Shoar, whence it takes that Appellation; but what Name it went by before their Conqueſt of* Spain, Mariana, *nor any other* Authors, *do not determine; it was of it ſelf one of the* Mooriſh *Kingdoms, and his* Catholick Majeſty, *even to this Day, ſtiles himſelf King of* Algezira, *among his other numerous Titles. It appears to have been a very large* City, *and of very great Strength, by the prodigious Ruins of its Walls, which are of an incredible Thickneſs; and was the Landing-place of the* Moors *at firſt, who were brought into* Spain *by the perfidious* Count Julian, *out of Revenge for the Rape of his* Daughter *by* Roderick, *the laſt King of the* Goths. *After it was retaken, the* Spaniards *are reported to have ſown*

Salt

To the READER.

Salt *all over it, by way of* Anathema, *and the Curſe is not yet taken off. There are only now a few* Peaſants, *who live there in Huts, beſides a* Corregidor; *but the Court of* Spain *has been apply'd to often, for Leave to rebuild that* Antient City, *which is nothing but one vaſt Heap of* Rubbiſh, *about three Miles in Circumference.*

Thus much I have thought not impertinent to premiſe concerning the Hiſtory *and* Typography *of this Coaſt, which I hope the Reader will excuſe, ſince it may ſerve for an Illuſtration to the following* Poem.

GIBRAL-

GIBRALTAR;

A

POEM.

ON fair *Heſperia*'s utmoſt Southern Shoar,
Whoſe riſing Banks defy the adverſe *Moor*;
Where the large Surge the Continent di-
vides,
And ſtreightn'd Billows roll in fiercer Tides;
A Rock, which Travellers aſcend with Pain,
Hangs dreadful o'er the Beach, and ambient Main:

Sure Death to Sailors, if not ſhun'd with Care,
When Tempeſts rage, or Foggs obſcure the Air.

HERE in paſt Time the Sun was thought to ſet,
And (1) *Spain*'s, and *Lybia*'s two great Empires met;
Till ſome convulſive Shock aſunder tore
The parting Plains, and Mountains, join'd before.

DESCRY'D from far, this hoary Pile of Stone
Yields in Renown to *Teneriff* alone:
Here Cliffs o'er Cliffs, in pointed Spires ariſe,
And the huge Column ſeems to prop the Skies,
Its aged Brow conceal'd in Clouds; ſo high
Scarce Goats dare climb, or tow'ring Eagles fly.
Aſtoniſh'd Mortals hence with Pain ſurvey
Neptune's vaſt Realm, and boundleſs watry ſway;
Of *Lybian* Mountains, ſee the diſtant Row,
And fruitful Vales, or burning Waſtes below.

DOUBT-

Doubtful it ſeems, if Nature did produce
This Height of Rock for Wonder moſt, or Uſe;
Strain'd thro' its Pores, delicious Springs abound,
And healing Simples cloath the balmy Ground;
While ſtranger Scenes are in its Womb contain'd,
Than e'er Magicians rais'd, or Poets feign'd.
(2) Steep winding Paths lead up to dreary Cells,
Where no kind Ray the horrid Gloom diſpels;
So large, ſo lofty, and ſo void of Light,
They ſeem the Palace of eternal Night!
No Eye can trace the various myſtick Ways,
And Nature rivals here the *Cretan* Maze:
Here Newts, and bloated Toads, deteſted crawl,
And flutt'ring Batts fly round the dusky Hall;
The Caves, with dreadful Notes, harſh Screech-Owls rend,
And lazy Damps from noiſome Pools aſcend.

By

By the dim Torch our Eyes with Pain reveal
A thouſand antick Forms theſe Grotts conceal;
Promiſcuous Images, which ſeem to ſtand
Th' amazing Work of ſome Enchanter's Hand;
Surpriz'd, we view the Lyon, Wolf, and Bear,
And think the *Gorgon* Shield has fix'd 'em there.

HERE Columns rang'd in beauteous Rows are ſeen,
And vaulted Iſles ſtretch ſpacious out between;
There Drops of Water harden into Stone,
Wond'rous Effect! And form a growing Cone;
Around we gaze, admiring ev'ry Part,
And Nature's Prodigies aſcribe to Art.
(3) In antient Times, bald Hermits ſojourn'd there,
And dreaming Monks, grown old in Sleep and Pray'r,
Who kept long *Lents*, with *Rubrick-Saints* enroll'd,
(As ſuperſtitious Fools by Prieſts are told:)

Down

Down from their Girdles hung a Length of Beads,
And Legends yet record their wond'rous Deeds;
In ſumptuous Urns their Mouldring Relicks ſleep,
And cure the Cramp, or calm the raging Deep.
(4) Here, if we credit Fame, are hid the Stores
Of antient *Vandals*, and of later *Moors*;
Which Walls of Adamant, and Gates of Steel,
(Enchanted Work!) from human Eyes conceal;
Goblins, and Fiends the Magick Treaſures guard,
And Peals of Groans, and rattling Chains, are heard.

Oft Times in ſearch of this uncertain Gold,
Advent'rous Miſers down th' Abyſs have roll'd,
(5) Whoſe mangled Coarſes on the fatal Ground
Harden'd to Stone, in diſtant Times are found;
Wonders more ſtrange than Kings in Pickle ſhown,
Or *Dynaſties* tranſmitted down to *Sloan*.

AMAZING Womb of Earth! whoſe frozen Bed
Is cover'd o'er with undiſſolving Dead!
Where Nature keeps the Carcaſs from Decay,
Eludes the Worm, and petrifies the Clay.

NOT far from hence an aged Caſtle ſtands,
By Time defac'd, the Work of barb'rous Hands;
Againſt whoſe Ribs, ſo ſtrong the Walls are made,
In vain the mighty batt'ring Engines play'd.
Here, whilſt the *Lybian* Race their Ground maintain'd,
Of Turban'd Kings a long Succeſſion reign'd,
Who bore the Creſcent on their ample Shields,
And dy'd with *Gothick* Blood *Iberian* Fields.

NOR yet the ſplendid Moſques are all decay'd,
Where cloath'd in Green, the rev'rend Mufties pray'd;
Where *Mahomet*'s dread Name was wont to ſound,
While ſcepter'd Bigots kiſs'd the hallow'd Ground.

HERE Pillars ſhine from *Parian* Quarries brought,
And chequer'd Floors in rich Moſaick wrought;
There undeſtroy'd are ſeen the ſpacious Halls,
Where Scymitars and Bows adorn'd the Walls;
Where the fair Pris'ner oft bemoan'd her Fate,
And Jaylor Eunuchs watch'd the bolted Gate.

BELOW this Pile lay ſtretch'd along the Strand
The faireſt Port of all th' *Heſperian* Land,
Ere War's dire Engines had in Aſhes laid
The DOMES, that ſtood for Ages undecay'd.
Here ſtately Palaces, and Fanes, were ſeen;
There Cypreſs Groves, and Orange ever green:
Convents, where lazy Lubbers batt'ning lay,
Or where ſad Virgins ſigh'd their Lives away.

Now if from *Calpe*, down we caſt our Eyes,
Where low in Duſt the ſumptuous Rubbiſh lyes,
The ſplendid Ruins we ſurvey with Pain,
And o'er the Carcaſs of a Town complain.

(6) Far to the Southward, near the ſounding Shoar,
A ſpacious Room was dug in Days of Yore;
Where *Calpe*'s antient Lords were us'd to ſhun
The fierce Approaches of too warm a Sun:
Here, from the Rock convey'd, a cryſtal Spring,
In the cool Grott, refreſh'd the ſwarthy King;
Whilſt round him Crowds of naked Beauties play'd,
Whom, as he bath'd, the happy *Moor* ſurvey'd.

In the deep Womb of Earth extending far,
(Secure from Tempeſts, and the Rage of War)

The

The ſtately Vaults and Pilaſters we trace,
And one eternal Winter chills the Place.

DESCEND, adven'trous Muſe, and now ſurvey
The Surface of a ſmooth adjoining Bay,
Where anchor'd Barks, in all their Naval Pride,
Shelter'd from boiſt'rous Winds, ſecurely ride:
For tow'ring Hills extend their ſpacious Chain,
And almoſt form a Circle round the Main.
Yet have I even there heard Billows roar,
Swell'd by rough Blaſts from *Africk*'s burning Shoar;
On floating Wrecks have caſt my diſtant Eye,
And ſeen the bending Maſts in Shivers fly.

OPPOS'D to *Calpe*'s Rock, on diſtant Fields,
(Where the rich Soil a fruitful Harveſt yields)
Rais'd by *Phœnician* Hands, *Carteia* ſtood,
(Now levell'd quite) and over-look'd the Flood.

NOT far from thence, if antient Fame ſays true,
Jove's God-like Son the (7) Monſter King o'erthrew;
Rais'd his (8) proud Pillars on the conquer'd Shoar,
And rul'd the Nations which he freed before.

OFT times his warlike Image there is found,
While ploughing Hinds tear up the ſtubborn Ground;
On the rude Coin, o'ergrown with Ruſt, we trace
His Club, *Nemæan* Spoil, and griſly Face;
With Pain th' imperfect Hero we ſurvey,
And want thoſe Lines which Time has worn away.
Here, the great Demi-god's long Race were crown'd,
And (9) *Argantonius* was of old renown'd;
(10) Ere yet *Rome*'s infant State unweildy grew,
And o'er the conquer'd *Weſt* her Eagles flew:
Here Kings to Savages gave wholſome Laws,
And Chiefs unſheath'd their Swords in Freedom's Cauſe.

BUT

BUT fix awhile, my Muſe, thy wandring Eye,
Where *Algezira*'s Walls in Ruins lye:
Curſt *Algezira!* to the *Moor* betray'd
By the falſe Father of the raviſh'd Maid!
(11) Here firſt the Traytor *Goth* receiv'd that Hoſt
Whoſe dusky Millions darkn'd all the Coaſt:
The ſoft licentious (12) King oppos'd in vain
Their hoſtile Numbers on the fatal Plain:
A Victim to the wrong'd *Iberian* Dame
He fell; and with him fell the *Gothick* Name.

OH! had ſome Prince, like *Brunſwick*, great in Arms,
On the wide Champain fac'd their Moony Swarms;
The Field had all been pil'd with Pagan Dead;
His Croſs had conquer'd, and their Creſcent fled.

As cluſtring Locuſts, (which ſome Eaſtern Breeze
Drives o'er *Arabian* Sands, or *Indian* Seas,)
Prevent the Promiſe of the bounteous *Nile*,
And immature *Egyptian* Harveſt ſpoil;
So, rang'd the miſcreant Race, with hoſtile Bands,
Heſperia's Fields, and ravag'd all her Lands.

(13) LONG undiſturb'd for Ages had they reign'd
Within *Pyrene*'s Limits ſcarce contain'd;
When Chriſtian Chiefs led on the luſty Swains,
From cold *Aſturia*'s yet unconquer'd Plains;
Shook the proud Infidel, unbent with Eaſe,
And ſtretch'd their infant Empire by Degrees.

CASTILE, and *Arragon*, and fam'd *Navarr*
Now ſent their Heroes to ſupport the War;

Roman-

Romantick Tales of Chivalry begun,
And Leaders cas'd in Mail immortal Laurels won.

How oft the mingling Hoſts their Proweſs try'd,
And with red Streams *Granada*'s Vales were dy'd!
While Clouds of Arrows darken'd all the Sky,
And Conqueſt hung her doubtful Scales on high.

Muse, paſs in Silence by the plumed Knights,
The Sieges infinite, unnumber'd Fights;
And the fair Acts of each important Day
While ten times ſixty Winters roll'd away;
For ſhould'ſt thou all the great Exploits rehearſe,
Thou might as well turn Annals into Verſe.

But lo! the *Saracens* at length o'erthrown,
Trembling forſake the Kingdoms, once their own;

And o'er the Channel, with Deſpair and Shame,
Fly to thoſe Deſarts whence their Fathers came;
Diſperſt they fly! but yet one Pagan Band,
Secur'd by *Calpe*, made a bolder ſtand;
And brav'd a while the conqu'ring Arms of *Spain*,
Between this ſturdy Rock, and the defending Main.

'Twas fruitleſs all! Nor Caſtles vaulted o'er,
Nor Rocks, nor Seas, cou'd ſave the ſinking *Moor*:
Involv'd in rolling Smoke, and nitrous Flame,
They fell, and falling curſt their Prophet's Name.

And now of *Calpe*'s long loſt Fort poſſeſt,
His kinder Stars the conqu'ring Monarch bleſt;
Henceforth, ſaid (14) *Ferdinand*, thou Rock, be mine,
(*Europe*'s laſt Limit tow'rds the Burning Line)

Be mine, ye Walls, with ſtately Turrets crown'd,
Ye dreadful Banks, and boiſt'rous Waves around;
While yon bright Planet ſhoots his dazling Ray,
And rolling Spheres ſhall round their Axis play,
My pow'rful Sons ſhall rule the *Weſt*, alone,
And keep this Bulwark of th' *Iberian* Throne.

FATE heard, and laught; for ere two Ages roll'd,
Or *Spain* had eight ſucceeding Monarchs told,
Lo! Her dread Fleet Imperial *ANNA* ſends,
Which o'er the Main in dreadful Pomp extends;
From diſtant *Bœtick* Plains, and fruitful Vines,
Aſtoniſh'd Peaſants ſaw the tow'ring Pines;
Of *Britiſh* Thunder heard the ratling Peals,
And call'd on Saints to ſink the hoſtile Keels.

IN vain from Ramparts brazen Engines roar,
And helmed Warriours guard the crowded Shoar;

The *Heſſian* Hero ſlights their adverſe Band,
And waves his Eagles on the conquer'd Strand:
Like *Mars* he lifts his brandiſh'd Sabre high,
And where he leads, the routed Legions fly.

So, when *Achilles*, from his *Grecian* Keel
Deſcending foremoſt, blaz'd in burniſh'd Steel,
The trembling *Trojans* ſhun'd his *Pelian* Spear,
And fled, tho' *Priam*'s God-like Son was near.

But lo! the yielded Fortreſs to regain,
Unnumber'd Troops extend along the Plain;
For nine revolving Moons, the Walls they ply,
Whilſt *Britain*'s hardy Sons their Rage defy:
In vain they try the ſteep Aſcent to ſcale,
And plant with Cannon all the ſandy Vale;
The fruitleſs Toil at length their King declines,
(15) And Walls he could not take, with Grief reſigns.

O thou,

O Thou, (for whom whilſt Worlds in Chaos lay)
Auſpicious Fates decreed the *Britiſh* Sway;
Whoſe Royal Veins a purple Current hold,
Tranſmitted down from (16) *Saxon* Gods of old;
Let proud *Heſperia*'s Lords with Envy ſee,
Their Kingdom's Bulwark ſtill poſſeſs'd by thee.
And farther yet, beyond the burning Zone,
May thy great Off-ſpring conquer Worlds unknown,
And Rule, till that uncertain dreadful Day,
When this huge Pile ſhall burn, and *Calpe* melt away!

NOTES to illuſtrate and explain, what may ſeem difficult in this POEM.

(1) HERE is an old Tradition, that *Spain* and *Africk* were disjoyn'd, either by the Deluge, or ſome great Earthquake.

(2) THE Mouth of the Cave is half way up the Rock; there is an old *Mooriſh* Wall juſt before it.

(3 & 4) THE *Spaniards* hereabouts have an hundred ſuch Traditions concerning this wonderful Place; from whence they ſay, there is a Paſſage under the Sea to *Ceuta* in *Africk*. Several Gentlemen of the Garriſon, and others, who have been let down by Ropes into theſe Caves, which lie one below another to a prodigious Depth, cou'd never find any Bottom.

(5) CURIOUS Perſons, who have brought up from hence petrify'd Sculls, and other Parts of human Bodies, believe them to belong rather to ſome of the *Moors*, who are ſaid to have ſculk'd here, when the *Spaniards* recovered the Place.

(6) THIS

(6) THIS ſubterraneous Bath is near *Europa*-Point; the Roof, which is arch'd, is ſupported by four Rows of ſquare Pilaſters; and where the Plaiſter is not rubb'd off, it is very beautiful, and of ſeveral Colours.

(7) *GERYON* was ſaid to have three Heads.

(8) THAT *Hercules* did erect two Pillars ſomewhere upon this Coaſt, as his *Ne plus ultra*, is the Opinion of *Pliny*, and other old Writers; tho' *Calpe* and *Abila* were figuratively call'd ſo. The *Spaniſh* Arms to this Day have for Supporters, Two *Tuſcan* Columns, with this Motto, PLUS ULTRA.

(9) THE moſt famous among all the Succeſſors of *Hercules*, was *Argantonius*, from whom the People of *Carteia* were call'd *Argantoniaci*.

(10) THIS City might probably be the Metropolis of theſe Parts, and the Reſidence of ſome of the old *Spaniſh* Kings, before the *Romans* conquer'd them: By the Greatneſs and Compaſs of its ancient Foundations, and Convenience of its Situation and Harbour.

(11) COUNT *Julian* was Governour of this Coaſt: *Vide, Mariana.*

(12) *RODERICK*, as ſome Writers do believe, did not fall in this Battle, but fled to *Vizeu* a City of *Beira* in *Portugal*, and there ended his Days; where *Mariana* ſays, That a Tomb-ſtone was found with this *Spaniſh* Inſcription on it,

A chi

A chi jaze RODRIGO *ultimo Rey de los* Godos.

Here lies RODERICK, *the laſt King of the* Goths.

(13) THE Kings of *Oviedo* (which ſmall Kingdom was rais'd out of the Ruins of the *Spaniſh* Monarchy by *Pelagius*, Brother to *Roderick*) were the firſt who made War upon the *Moors*.

(14) *FERDINAND* the Catholick, (Grand-father to the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth) drove the *Moors* from *Gibraltar*, and quite out of *Spain*.

(15) AT the Treaty of *Utrecht*, till which the Blockade continu'd.

(16) *WODEN*, from whom the Houſe of *Brunſwick*, and other Princes of *Saxony* are ſaid to be deſcended, was reputed one of the Heathen Gods of thoſe Northern Nations.

FINIS.